

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Thirtieth Year of Issue

December, 1950

Shaw

Frank H. Underhill

► "MOST PEOPLE WHO WRITE about Bernard Shaw say either that they agree with him or that they do not understand him. I am the only person who understands Mr. Shaw, and I do not agree with him." So ran the once famous preface to G. K. Chesterton's book on Shaw away back in 1909. Since that time, and for some time before, most of the best things about Shaw have been written by himself. The next-best things have usually come from Americans. The English since Chesterton have not had much to say that was worthwhile until C. E. M. Joad's book came along last year. Edmund Wilson's essay in his book *The Triple Thinkers* in the 1930's put Shaw criticism on a new plane when it pointed out what should have long been obvious, that as a political and social thinker Shaw was not particularly profound or clear or consistent, but that he was a great dramatic artist who grasped truths about life intuitively and embodied them in inspired creations of personalities upon the stage. Recently, I suppose, most of the younger generation would have said, in contradiction to Chesterton, that everybody understands Shaw nowadays and that it no longer matters much whether one agrees with him or not.

Evidently Shaw was the last of the great Victorians. Remember that he was born

in 1856. But he had the great advantage over his contemporaries that he was born in a Dublin which was still a survival from eighteenth-century days; and so he was saved from the worst influences of nineteenth-century romanticism. His great work was to liberate the post-Victorian generation after the turn of the century from the deadening insincere formulae into which romanticism had sunk by that time.

When his friend, William Archer, first saw him, sometime in the 1870's, Shaw was sitting in the reading-room of the British Museum studying alternately the text of Marx's *Capital* and the musical score of Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*. This god-awful mixture of German romanticism would have ruined the mind of any ordinary Victorian, but Shaw was able to transmute it into the pure gold of Shawianism and Fabianism. For he came straight out of the eighteenth century of Swift and Voltaire, and his chief idol was Mozart. Some day a critic who understands both music and drama should set himself to elucidate the influence of Mozart's chamber music, symphonies, and operas upon Shaw's plays. Shaw himself explained that his study of Marx and his correction of Marx's theories of value by those of Jevons, with his resulting mastery of the science of economics, was as essential as a basis for his creative artistic work as a playwright as Michael Angelo's scientific knowledge of anatomy was for his sculpture. And this is no doubt correct as far as it goes. But his plays, as distinct



CONTENTS OF THIS ISSUE

SHAW—Frank H. Underhill	193
EDITORIALS	195
MR. KING AND THE KING MAKERS—F. R. Scott	197
WHAT UNESCO IS DOING—Herbert Steinhouse	199
O CANADA	201

LITERATURE and the ARTS

ON THE AIR—Allen Sangster	201
CHRISTMAS, 1949—Arthur L. Phelps	202
HELL, THE WINGS PINCH (Short Story)—Emile Glen	204
BUILDING OF BOATS, HARBOUR OF HYDRA (Reproduction)—Rollof Beny	205
FILM REVIEW—D. Mordell	206
THE BALLAD OF MR. CHUBB (Poem)—Earle Birney	207
CORRESPONDENCE	208
BOOKS REVIEWED	210

from his prefaces, are not about economics or sociology; they are about men and women.

What Shaw got from his Victorian environment was its dynamic vitality, its spirit of hopefulness, its intense conviction that man is educable and improvable. And he proceeded to turn his comic genius to the work of educating that generation out of Victorian respectability into Fabian socialism. The young people of 1950 can have no conception of how exhilarating this work of liberation was for the generation of Shawian disciples who were young in the first decade of the twentieth century and who saw *Candida*, *Major Barbara*, *Caesar and Cleopatra*, *Pygmalion*, *Man and Superman*, *Androcles and the Lion*, *Fanny's First Play*, when they were first produced. Shaw intoxicated that generation and made them want to stand up and cheer with the joy of being alive. What a contrast with these dreary gutless moderns at their cocktail parties in the waste land of Bloomsbury trying to make their sense of sin take the place of the natural invigorating joy of being alive with an active mind!

Shaw's last contribution to the sixty years of discussion about himself was made in his witty and sensible defence of his playwriting in the *New Statesman* of May 6 of this year. This more recent discussion had been started by an article of Terence Rattigan in the issue of March 5. Rattigan complained that the influence of Ibsen and Shaw had imposed on the English stage for fifty years the play of ideas whereas what was needed was plays about people.

"Now it is quite clear," Shaw replied, "that my plays are all talk, just as Raphael's pictures are all paint, Michael Angelo's statues all marble, Beethoven's symphonies all noise." He went on to tear to pieces, as several of the other participants in the discussion did also, "the absurd complaint that though plays must be all talk, the talk should have no ideas behind it." "Without a stock of ideas mind cannot operate and plays cannot exist . . . But here the difference in mental capacity comes in. One playwright is capable of nothing deeper than short-lived fictitious police and divorce cases of murder and adultery. Another can rise to the masterpieces of Aeschylus, Euripides and Aristophanes, to Hamlet, Faust, Peer Gynt and—well, no matter . . . Opera taught me to shape my plays into recitations, arias, duets, trios, ensemble finales, and bravura pieces to display the

technical accomplishments of the executants, with the quaint result that all the critics took my plays to be so new, so extraordinary, so revolutionary, that the *Times* critic declared that they were not plays at all as plays had been defined for all time by Aristotle. The truth was that I was going back atavistically to Aristotle, in the tribune stage, to the circus, to the didactic *Mysteries*, to the word music of Shakespeare, to the forms of my idol Mozart."

Rattigan's article produced contributions to the controversy from such well known playwrights as James Bridie, Sean O'Casey, Peter Ustinov, and Christopher Fry. "Dear Terence," said Bridie, "are these plays sociological tracts? Are their characters emotionally sterile gramophone records, or have you only been told that they are? Do tracts make us laugh? Do automata make us weep? . . . Has anybody since Dickens given us such a gallery of characters?" Several of the participants made the point that the Ibsenite-Shavian naturalistic playwriting is now being replaced by a new form, that poetic drama is returning to the stage under the urge to achieve a more intense emotional expression to do justice to the more intense problems of our tortured age. Christopher Fry, who is himself the chief practitioner of this new form, had some generous remarks here. "I don't understand the passion for pigeon-holes . . . We should be careful not to call trivial whatever is alien to our own corner of thought . . . More words are wasted in decrying and argument than are coined in creation, and what we need is thought and heart and imagination more abundantly. The vision of an anxious man is likely to dwindle; his anxiety becomes his world, and his world of anxiety may become despair . . . At such a time he needs every property of mind he possesses, all those attributes which most curiously distinguish him from his fellow-animals—compassion, laughter, concern beyond his own immediate neighbourhood, a sense of mystery, of his own incompleteness, and much more . . . We should be glad of whatever tends, with some difficulty, towards creation."

(Continued on Page 200)



A
MERRY CHRISTMAS
TO
OUR READERS



THE CANADIAN FORUM

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Published each month by

CANADIAN FORUM LIMITED
16 Huntley Street, Toronto 5, Ontario, Canada
Telephone: PR. 3735

Authorized as second class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa

SUBSCRIPTION RATE: THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Cheques to be made payable at par in Toronto.

Advertising rates on request.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. XXX, No. 359

Founded 1920

Toronto, Ontario, December, 1950

British Recovery

It is to be hoped that Sir Stafford Cripps has not disappeared forever from the political scene. If he returns next year, and the Attlee government is still in office, it will benefit greatly, not only as in the past from his keen mind and moral authority, but also from the rare advantage of having a senior minister who has been free for a year from the administrative criteria that habitually blind office-holders to human realities.

In any case, Sir Stafford's career at the Treasury is now presumably over. And we can say, in the traditional reverent phrase of British political writers, that he was "a great Chancellor"—the first to be produced by the Labor Party. No Chancellor (not even Snowden, who surrendered his principles so readily) has had a more formidable task to perform, and Sir Stafford could claim, when he left office, to have laid the groundwork for its complete achievement. Mr. Gaitskell may well be grateful to his predecessor for handing on so well-kindled a torch; though, on the other hand, he must now live up to an alarmingly high standard. It is a question whether a Chancellor with less prestige than a Cripps can ever hold so rigidly to such unattractive convictions. Of Mr. Gaitskell himself, no more—and no less—can be said at present than that he has an excellent record as a public servant and that he is the first of G. D. H. Cole's Oxford disciples to reach the top rank.

An ironic tribute to Sir Stafford, and a sharp challenge to the new Chancellor, came very promptly from the International Monetary Fund. IMF, ECA, and the American government have long been chafing at the restraints on trade imposed by the British. The United States has indeed inherited the mantle of Victorian England, and being the commercially dominant nation is devoted in principle to free trade and in practice to "non-discrimination." Canadians will remember how Mr. Abbott, in excluding certain American goods in order to save dollars, had to ban imports of the same goods from the sterling area, out of respect for the American view of equality.

Through the international agencies which they dominate, the Americans have been telling the British that artificial controls are bound to restrict productivity and retard British recovery. Now, by a delightful twist of history, the IMF has announced indignantly that the British have recovered, the dollar gap is closed, and there is no further excuse for "austerity" controls.

The answer is fairly obvious. The sterling area's gold reserves are now high (almost three billion dollars) but its liabilities are about four times as high. Before the war, the two figures normally balanced. The fact is that the dollar gap has not been closed; it has been bridged. The bridge is austerity. Remove that, and the gap will reappear, smaller than it was because of the immense productive efforts of the British people, but still there.

Whether Britain has broken its agreement as a member of the IMF is another question, and it raises the deeper question of the authority of international agencies—a question that should be pondered carefully by world-government enthusiasts. Such agencies may speak with the voice of their most powerful member, or with the voice of their experts, or with the voice of government policies of an earlier historical situation; all three notes can be detected

in the present instance. How are elected governments to preserve their independence, while acknowledging, in the international agencies, the rightful interests of the world in their behavior? We are not here blowing the cracked trumpet of national sovereignty. That battered instrument can be left to the Russians, who seem to like its tone. What is at issue here is the sovereignty of the individual citizen. And that is a much more important matter.

China and Korea

The appearance of Chinese troops in Korea was not altogether unexpected, at least in some quarters. Some time ago, Mao Tse-tung announced that his government would not stand idly by if United Nations troops crossed the 38th parallel and Nehru of India, for one, seems to have believed him. Nehru's warning that the interests of Communist China in the Far East can be omitted from the policies of the Western Nations only with considerable danger seems to have been justified. But exactly what those interests are is not at all clear.

Why the Chinese government, whose main task one would think at the present time would be social and economic development, would choose to risk a war with the United Nations, is the sixty-four dollar question of this month's international quiz show. There are, perhaps, two possible answers. The first is that the Chinese are convinced that the approach of South Korean and U.N. troops so threatens the vital interests of China that the risk of general war must be taken. The threat probably centres in the possibility of control of the important Yalu river power plant by a hostile, anti-Chinese, postwar Korean government. This fear results, undoubtedly, from the free hand given to Syngman Rhee—"that vindictive tyrant" as *The Observer* called him—by General MacArthur in the liberated areas of Korea. At any rate, the Chinese seem convinced that unless they do something to stop it, the new government in Korea will be a hostile one whose presence could endanger the economic development of Manchuria and all of China. The precedent for economic warfare incidentally lies with the Communists of North Korea who, in 1948, had cut off power supplies to the republic to the South.

The second possible reason for Chinese intervention is one of political strategy. By such action they may hope, by putting themselves into a focal position in Far Eastern politics, to force a settlement with the west on matters affecting Chinese interests. On the top of Mao's list is Formosa and perhaps also membership in the United Nations. At the time of writing his delegation is approaching Lake Success and it remains to be seen whether their arrival there will be followed by reasonable negotiation or more propaganda about Imperial aggression in the Far East and impossible demands for immediate withdrawal of all troops from Korea.

The United Nations has been thoroughly frightened by China's action and seems in a mood to negotiate. The United States on its part has announced its intention to use its influence to "bring about a constructive adjustment of Chinese Korean interests in the Yalu river." In all probability, the United States will also agree to an enclave along the Manchurian border under U.N. auspices. This would be a reasonable approach and it now remains to be seen

whether the Chinese Communists are also capable of reason and negotiation or whether their behavior patterns will repeat the intransigence and stubbornness of their Russian colleagues.

The Hustings

The election of Mr. Walter C. Thomson as leader of the *Ontario Liberal Party* at its recent party convention is of neither international nor national significance. Indeed, we wonder, as we gaze in the crystal ball or read Mr. Thomson's effortless clichés, whether there is not a distinct possibility that it won't be of any provincial importance either. What is interesting is that Mr. Thomson successfully nosed out Dr. Harry Cassidy, head of the School of Social Work for The University of Toronto, who, it is believed, wrote the platform of the Ontario Liberal Party. Dr. Cassidy is well-known all across Canada as a man who knows his job, not only as a theoretician but as a practical politician. He was responsible for the reorganization of the welfare services of British Columbia which, whatever its inadequacies, is still considered one of the best in the country. Last winter he was on loan to the government of Egypt to give advice on the setting up of welfare machinery in that country. At the Ontario Liberal Convention he ran second and it is perhaps worthwhile to examine the pattern of Canadian thinking with regard to the selection of party leaders.

Party hierarchies tend to believe that elective power lies in the hands of the mythical morons of the back concessions; that this powerful group can only be persuaded to support you if you can entertain them with a bang-up circus performance liberally sprinkled with well-advertised remarks about more snow-plows, better roads, lower taxes and higher income. Holding this view, it follows that the ideal leader must be a back-slapping extravert who is prepared, at the drop of a hat, to gird up his loins and do battle against sin wherever it lifts its ugly head, sin being something that everyone understands. (We Canadians call it, in our less literary moments, "being colorful.") This requires real energy and an inexhaustible supply of clichés. Lawyers are constantly sought after because they have a reputation for being smart without possessing any intellectual qualities. Particularly is this true if it can be proved beyond all shadow of reasonable doubt that the leader-elect was born and brought up on a really poor back concession and now operates (in his spare time, of course) a highly successful farm. Any man of real energy can do this provided he is a lawyer, has sufficient hired help and plenty of mechanization, and still have lots of time for fighting sin at the political level.

One important error which party planners feel must be avoided at all costs is the choosing of a leader who can be accused of having any intellectual capacity (real or imagined). The late Mr. King got around this difficulty by giving a few intellectuals jobs to do. Then he ran them in by-elections afterwards, hoping that the opposition would not be low enough to bring out the damnable fact that they had academic training and high IQ's. A few intellectuals have got their start in Canadian government this way and it is encouraging to note that practically no harm has been done by them. The pattern, however, doesn't seem to have caught on in Ontario; indeed, judging from the charges of interference from Ottawa at the recent party convention it would seem that if it was a pattern it got buried with Mr. King.

We wonder, in the light of the highly developed farm organizations of Ontario, who speak with such hard-headed

understanding of their own problems, and in the light of the increasing numbers of young farmers who are approaching agriculture from a scientific point of view, if these underlying principles which govern political leadership selection are not out-dated. Political squabbling in Canada used to be good entertainment but nowadays most people regard government as serious business and are content to find their entertainment elsewhere.

Freedom and American Leadership

A recent Secretary of Defence in the United States was known from time to time to flex the collective muscle of the military arm and state his earnest belief in American capacity for knocking hell out of Russia should the occasion arise. Despite an item or two not taken into account and subsequently spotlighted by American deficiencies in the early weeks of fighting in Korea, this assertion no doubt remains valid. Military might still depends on economic resources.

However, the activities of a small group of Russian sympathizers in the United States have gained such an attentive press that the average American citizen has become persuaded of imminent disaster to his social and political institutions. An assortment of unscrupulous ward-heelers posing as prophets have, unfortunately, not found it convenient to point out that American ideals are adequate against any attack, providing they are genuinely operating for the benefit of all.

Instead, these rather pitiful gentlemen guaranteed to remedy public fears by a program of thought-control. This was duly labelled The Internal Security Act of 1950 and made law despite the President's veto. To date the only tangible result has been total disruption of immigration procedures at home, and complete bewilderment among American allies abroad. The drift towards irrationality continued with the November 7 elections and their promise of McCarthyism, Unlimited, to come. We await the next act in this gigantic comedy with an appreciation gradually growing numb: the little people may yet whittle Uncle Sam down to their size.

Hope Commission Contest

We can only suppose that our threatened deluge of limericks stirred the Hope Commission to action. At any rate the news that the Commission was about to report followed on the heels of our announcement with such suddenness that the contest was at once deprived of nearly all interest. We have however decided to award the prize to the nominee of Miss Margaret Avison, one of the very few contestants.

For our next contest we invite readers to submit an excerpt from the speech of a Liberal candidate contesting an imaginary by-election anywhere in Canada on the subject of the high cost of living. The excerpt, together with any necessary comment, must not exceed two hundred words. We again offer a prize of a year's new subscription to the *Canadian Forum*; each contestant must therefore be, or must nominate, a new subscriber. Contributions must reach our office by January 8, 1951; they cannot be returned, and we reserve the right to print any of them.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

16 Hunter Street

Toronto 1, Canada

Mr. King and the King Makers

F. R. Scott

► IN POLITICS, AS JUDGED by certain standards all too prevalent, mere survival in office seems to be proof of leadership. On this basis Salazar in Portugal is a successful leader, and Duplessis in Quebec bids fair to be. Mr. King, we are led to believe, was a great man because he managed to hold on to the Premiership longer than anyone else has been known to do. We are now permitting him, like Queen Victoria, to give his name to an era.

That Mr. King had command of many political skills, that he rendered faithful service to Canada during the larger part of his life, none would deny. Only during World War I did he leave public employment to take up research in the United States. No scandal ever attached to his name; even the gross corruption shown to exist in his party by the Customs exposures of 1925 or the Beauharnois enquiry of 1931 did not reach him personally. His international reputation mounted steadily with the growth of Canadian industrial and military power. Anyone would be a narrow partisan indeed who did not accord to William Lyon Mackenzie King full credit where credit was due.

A halt should be called, however, when adulation begins to reach the point of myth-making. This process is now in full swing. Almost magical qualities of leadership are being attributed to the man; to him alone it seems we owe the expansion of Canadian population and wealth; his are the

polices which have brought us a high degree of national unity; one almost comes to believe that he placed the oil under Alberta and the iron in Labrador. From professional Liberals all this is to be expected, but some of it has crept in to the writing of more discriminating critics. Perhaps it is not too soon to begin an assessment that comes closer to the realities.

Let us look more dispassionately at this question of leadership. In what sense did Mr. King merit the term? Without demanding that leaders be forever dramatic, one can at least insist in a democracy that they let you know where they are going. It is doubtful if Mr. King did more than decide issues from day to day—or postpone them. Political shrewdness is a quality he certainly possessed; political courage was seldom evident. Professor Underhill has well said that he was the leader who divided us least—but is this leadership? Or is it a skillful way of holding on to power? Is the leader the man who confuses issues, or the one who clarifies them even at the risk of making some enemies? What leadership did Canada get from Mr. King during the great depression of the 1930's; what leadership did he give us then as to Canada's role in international affairs? Could Mr. King ever have uttered anything as simple and forthright as did Mr. St. Laurent when he told Quebec that if there was another war Canada would be involved even if 12,999,999 of her 13,000,000 people were opposed to it? Professor Underhill has said that "this is the kind of leadership, evidently, that modern mass-democracy welcomes and appreciates." But President Roosevelt gave a very different kind of leadership, and received an even greater welcome from a larger mass-democracy. It is difficult to believe that Canadians could not have responded to a more



positive appeal. If we have matured in politics during the King era, we have done it quite as much in spite of as because of Mr. King.

The Liberal Party was not created by Mr. King either in structure or program; he took it over as a well established orthodox party acceptable to the main power groups in Canada. He maintained it in this position, but he did not liberalize it. It is a more conservative party now than it was when he took it over. This is the real reason for the decline of the Conservatives, and for the rise of the CCF. True, the Liberals have now espoused a number of social ideas common to all parties of our day, but the espousal is always as little as can be and as late as can be. This is the King policy, and it has resulted in depriving the Canadian people of benefits which they can afford and are willing to pay for. Was Mr. King's liberalism "expressing what lay in the Canadian sub-conscious mind" when he adopted a policy of opposition to low-cost housing, price control, health insurance and old-age insurance in the postwar years? Or was he expressing what lay in the mind—not sub-conscious—of the Canadian Manufacturers Association?

We should examine with equal care the idea that Mr. King was the architect of Canadian unity. We may note in passing that the Liberal Party in Quebec has been reduced to a mere shadow of its former self. A special brand of Quebec nationalism came to power under the King régime. It is true that the extreme forms of disunity created by the conscription issue of World War I were avoided in World War II, though if the second war had not ended, for reasons not due solely to Mr. King, this might not have been the case. But surely it is obvious that the improved relations between the two racial groups in Canada are much more due to changed international factors than to any King policy. Even *Le Devot* has difficulty today in proving that every Canadian decision on international affairs is dictated in London. The decline of British imperial power is the basic cause of Canadian unity, as all informed opinion predicted it would be. In the matters of a Canadian flag, the national anthem and the appointment of a Canadian Governor-General, where a gesture of normal Canadianism would have greatly assisted national unity, Mr. King did nothing.

But there is a deeper aspect to this problem of unity, and here Mr. King failed lamentably. A unified country has to have a constitution capable of handling national problems in a unified manner. There is a place for provincial autonomy in Canada, but there is place also, and an essential place, for federal responsibility. Mr. King was so fearful of raising controversy that he did little to bring Canadians to a realization of the deficiencies in the powers of the national parliament. He did worse; he in effect added to those deficiencies. He was the man who referred the whole Bennett "New Deal" legislation to the courts *en bloc*, thus almost inviting a declaration of *ultra vires*. He was a past master at using Royal Commissions as an excuse for inaction. He believed in a policy of frequent reference of national matters to dominion-provincial conferences, in which it was clear every province had a veto. He thus wrote the compact theory into the conventions of the constitution, where it now seems firmly embedded. Whether we shall ever be able to escape from this strait-jacket the present Constitutional Conference has tried to decide. This is not national unity. This is treating Canada as a kind of United Nations. And there is always a Malik in the land. Mr. King's two great efforts to establish a new basis for national unity, the dominion-provincial conferences of 1940 and 1945, were both complete failures. Canada cannot be governed by replacing parliamentary responsibility with inter-governmental councils operating on the principle of the *liberum veto*. Which is

another way of saying it cannot be governed on the King policy of converting provincial autonomy into dominion status.

It seems probable that Mr. King's general handling of Canada's external relations will survive later criticism better than some other parts of his policy. His refusal to go along with plans for a unified Empire or Commonwealth, and his recognition of our essentially North American position with its corollary of closer ties with the United States, were sound decisions. They were also inescapable decisions; no others would have been tolerated. It will round out the picture to remember that with them went a slavish copying of the Chamberlain policy toward the League of Nations, and a rejection of any role for Canada in the Pan-American Union, that are difficult to excuse. Mr. King may have turned a cold shoulder to Mr. Lloyd George in the Chanak incident, but he turned an equally cold shoulder to those who demanded that Canada's right to enter war of her own free will and not automatically as a legal appendage of Britain should be clarified. His famous declaration of war in 1939 was due less to a belief in national sovereignty than to the pressure of the Conservatives and others who were afraid he would leave us uncertain whether we were at war or not. His friendship with Roosevelt made possible, or at least assisted, the growth of a fine form of Canadian-American co-operation. But we may well ask whether he did not start a trend toward Washington that, in economic matters particularly, holds out as much of danger as of promise. Where does co-operation end and dependence begin? The increasing hold of great American corporations over Canadian resources was not something that bothered Mr. King, still less his lieutenant, Mr. Howe. The CCF proposal, and the Saskatchewan government's request, that certain resources would better be developed under joint dominion-provincial management so as to preserve Canadian control has never been entertained.

Another aspect of Mr. King's behavior that needs a great deal more investigation is his whole attitude toward labor. As the author of *Industry and Humanity*, we might have expected from him some leadership in this field at least. True, he built up the Department of Labour, and founded the *Labour Gazette*. But he also invented the Industrial Disputes Investigation Act. This much-heralded statute has received some approval even in labor circles, yet the more it is examined in the light of later developments the more it looks like a skillful attempt to blunt the force of unionism by weakening the effectiveness of the right to strike. It was Mr. King who wrote: "Private rights should cease when they become public wrongs . . . Either the disputants must be prepared to leave the differences which they are unable amicably to settle to the arbitration of such authority as the state may determine as most expedient, or make way for others who are prepared to do so." It is fairly evident from this ominous incantation that labor would find itself to be the party committing the public wrong. When Mr. King was in the United States during World War I, he acted as labor adviser for large corporations, not for unions. His labor policy was the least defensible part of his handling of affairs during World War II. In this matter, as in so many others, he showed his full acceptance of the general philosophy of free enterprise. He scarcely kept pace with, still less led, the social trend.

Mr. King's character, like the Canadian character, was very mixed. It is a pity his private diaries will not be fully preserved so that we might understand him better. We know enough to say, however, that though we may be a difficult people to govern, and though dullness seems to be required of our public men, we do not need to fall down

and worship at the feet of mediocrity. Mr. King was above the mediocre, but we only lower our political standards when we exaggerate his positive achievements.

What UNESCO is Doing

Herbert Steinhause

► UNESCO has always been the misunderstood child of the UN family. For years it has been the whipping-boy, butt of all the sardonic humor and abuse that could be poured on it by its legion of enemies, and even by those who consider themselves its friends.

The smear campaign has risen to a higher pitch of late. They are not just whipping UNESCO these days, they are burning it at the stake.

"Should UNESCO die?" asks the *Manchester Guardian*. "UNESCO is dying," glibly chirps the Overseas News Agency. In a recent article famed Italian philosopher Benedetto Croce also shook his head sadly and sat back, prepared for the demise. It is true that UNESCO is limping today, but then who isn't? Like the United Nations itself, UNESCO is crippled and frustrated by the tensions of the Cold War. Cherished projects have had to be dropped because of the unfavorable climate of the time. Others have been shelved because non-payment of dues by member states has necessitated stringent economy. Tension exists within the organization, for the Cold War forces on employees an implicit "loyalty test"; either one sticks to the original UN ideal, or one finds it outmoded by the day's newspapers and works behind the scenes for East or for West.

Yet, good work continues. Operating with a puny budget of \$8,200,000 a year (the cost of a few bombers), UNESCO is engaged in or is sponsoring a number of projects. "Too many," say the critics immediately. Yet often they say it out of ignorance or confusion. When the UNESCO Fifth Annual General Conference assembled in June at the Palazzo Vecchio in Florence, one of the accomplishments was an analysis of all current and projected work, and the careful establishment of a system of priorities. UNESCO's mission in life is of such tremendous proportions that it is in constant danger of spreading itself too thin. But at the Conference it took steps to make certain that it would not bite off more than it could digest. Here are the highlights of UNESCO's current activity:

1. *Mass education*: The agency will intensify its current program of fundamental education. Through pilot projects and visiting missions, UNESCO is actively fighting ignorance and illiteracy. Through the dissemination of teaching techniques and devices, UNESCO is helping to raise educational and cultural levels in the world's dark corners. Its efforts in this direction include the training of teachers, comparative study of the history and geography texts used by various nations, and research seminars.

2. *Scientific co-operation*: In the Natural Sciences UNESCO is engaged in stimulating international scientific co-operation from headquarters in Paris, and through a chain of Science Field Offices. Assistance to projects for the development of desert areas is an example. To diffuse scientific knowledge more broadly, UNESCO plans to foster science clubs, scientific exhibitions and study groups. Production and low-cost distribution of science books, articles, and filmstrips will be aided in order to bring the subject into everyday life and combat the trashy, pseudo-scientific literature that today confuses and thrills.

3. *Cultural exchange*: To make cultural materials more widely and easily available, UNESCO has secured agreement on the lifting of customs duties on books and other educational materials. Its international book coupon scheme, designed to overcome the dollar shortage problem, has been in operation for more than two years. Libraries and museums are being restored. Works of art being reproduced and popularized. An International Theatre Institute includes among its activities the publication of a well-executed journal that reports on developments in drama in all countries. An international film exchange is being organized to extend the audience for documentary films of merit. Great works of literature are being translated into other languages. Conferences of eminent men of culture to enquire into particular problems are organized. International documentation and bibliography services to aid scholars in all countries are provided. In reply to the critics who said that in its cultural activities UNESCO served only the *uncommon man*, the Florence Conference stipulated that, "while encouraging, on the one hand, the work of intellectual and artistic elites, UNESCO will also endeavor to bring the most important works and manifestations of world culture within the reach of all peoples and all social classes."

4. *Study grants*: This year UNESCO is granting 55 fellowships to promote the international movement of persons for educational, scientific, and cultural purposes. It continues to co-ordinate the work of organizations which award study grants by the annual publication of "Study Abroad," which lists available opportunities for study in other countries.

5. *Free flow of information*: To make the ideals of UNESCO better known, material is provided to press, radio, and film organizations throughout the world. It is enquiring into the possibility of an International Institute of Press and Information. It is working hard to reduce obstacles to the free flow of information such as censorship, economic controls, tariffs, postal regulations, and high mailing costs.

6. *Relief*: Originally instituted to help countries suffering from the ravages of war, UNESCO Relief Service has been extended to meet the needs of other countries and groups requiring relief. Limited help is being given to refugee children and to earthquake victims, although the chief function of the section is to amass information on physical needs, and then organize campaigns of voluntary assistance.

Despite this laudable program, criticism is still increasing. UNESCO officials themselves grumpily declare that the hostility comes from those who are fundamentally hostile to the UN ideal itself. "They want to organize their world blocs, and perhaps even their little wars, and we are one group standing in the way," one UNESCO worker in Paris told me recently.

There is a kernel of truth here, but the fact must also be faced that UNESCO itself has done a fair job of provoking resentment. UNESCO's many fine accomplishments and sincere purposes far outweigh the faults which its critics delight in pouncing upon. But these faults do exist, and as in the case of UNRRA, when the press pays any attention to the organization at all it concentrates on its defects, either real or imagined.

One real fault is bureaucracy. The agency smothera itself in paper. At the Florence Conference each delegate found himself saddled with a pile of documents that stood over two feet high. At UNESCO House, messenger boys wheel bulky reports from office to office all day long, and the executives waste much time trying to keep up with the output. Often the division of responsibility is hazy, and the functions of departments overlap. Too much energy is

expended in justifying the work of the Secretariat before annual conferences and the watchdogs of member states.

Some of the personnel fail to achieve in attitude and action the non-partisanship required of an international civil servant. These, by their zeal for sectarian national interests, spread mistrust and undermine the work of the organization.

Staff salaries, as the enemies charge, are definitely too high. The Florence Conference decided to cut these drastically at the clerical level, but closed its eyes to the spectacular executive salaries. Director-General Jaime Torres Bodet claims that they must be high to attract good men to the staff, but one wonders how true this theory is.

At Florence it was decided to "devote UNESCO to more militant and practical service to peace in a framework of broad composite projects." In July a splendid beginning was made when UNESCO sailed into the controversial waters of racial relations with the launching of a world crusade against discrimination. A statement drafted by a panel of the leading social and natural scientists of the age proclaimed that racial discrimination has no scientific foundation in biological fact; that the range of mental capacities in all races is much the same; that there is no evidence that race mixture produces biologically bad results. Race is less a biological fact than a social myth, concluded the experts. The full document is the most far-reaching and competent pronouncement ever made on this subject, and provides a scientific foundation for some of the basic principles expressed in the Universal Declaration of Human Rights.

The campaign has already aroused more interest than any project in the agency's history. If such a forthright appeal to arms is really the evidence of a new militancy, then UNESCO was not exaggerating when it announced in June that its Florence Conference marked "a turning point" in its history.

SHAW—continued

It is Shaw's plays, not his prefaces, that will live. The prefaces are brilliant conversation pieces which, like all good talk, never lead anywhere except to more talk; and at the end of one of them you can never report what the preface was about. His prefaces along with his speeches and letters to the papers, were meant to argue people into anti-romantic Fabianism, to stimulate the reader through anger and amusement into common sense. But in his plays his creative artistic impulse and his insight into human nature took him further and further beyond Fabianism. For he couldn't help seeing that there is "a certain amount of tosh" about Fabian socialism just as there is about the Salvation Army. And the shock of the war of 1914, with its irrationality, its mass hysteria, its inhumanity and cruelty, destroyed his hopefulness about his fellow-citizens whom, down to that point, he had been content to treat as amusing and lovable, if rather muddle-headed, Britishers about to be Fabianized.

England became a Heartbreak House, and he announced that human beings must prepare to live as long as Methusaleh in order that we may have time to grow out of our desolating frailties and become creatures of pure reason. At the end of his greatest play, *St. Joan*, the heroine cries out in anguish: "O God, that madest this beautiful earth, when will it be ready to receive thy saints? How long, O Lord, how long?" (Shaw has still in the 1920's enough of the Victorian vitalist in him to see that the earth is beautiful;

he never sinks to our present postwar level of feeling that all we can experience on this earth is anguish.)

But even before the war of 1914, as we can now see, Shaw was coming to doubt his Fabian optimism. His finest heroes are all close to being saints, and his saints are likely to be defeated by life, as Saint Joan was. Major Barbara, it is true, is rather too easily seduced by the "elephantine sophistries" (Chesterton) of Undershaw into an acceptance of capitalist efficiency when she finds that she cannot answer Bill Walker's question, "What price Salvation now?" But Shaw knew that socialists are only too human. His hilarious group-picture, in *Androcles and the Lion*, of all the early socialists he had known (they appear in the thin disguise of early Christians) leaves only Androcles happy in the end, Androcles who knew nothing of economics and theology, but simply went his way loving all his fellow creatures, including lions and emperors. It cannot have been from Fabian or Marxist circles that Shaw got his model for Androcles. And Caesar, who is his fullest portrayal of the Fabian hero, is defeated in his effort to instill into Cleopatra, and into the Romans and Egyptians, his own lofty conceptions of humanity and forgiveness and peace. The play ends with Caesar promising to send Mark Antony to Cleopatra. Shaw became increasingly distressed by a world which had to choose between the Antonys, who were only too readily available, and the Ancients whom the Life Force had yet to produce in the course of evolution. This distress led him to welcome too eagerly in the 1930's the Mussolinis and Stalins who promised to do the work of Fabianism for him better than the Fabians could do it themselves. But by this time he was old and tired, and his clear sight was failing him. His Julius Caesar before 1914 is not a Mussolini or a Stalin.

Shaw's comic view of life was passing into something deeper and more difficult. But he was too old to give continuous creative expression to this later view in effective plays. (He was already 58 when the war of 1914 broke out.) Of course, he had always been a good deal of a religious mystic, though he didn't realize this in his early years because he was so busy emancipating his generation from the hypocrisies of institutionalized religion. He tried to expound his mysticism in the nineteenth-century phraseology of scientific evolution—which makes it look rather silly now, though our children will probably find equally silly the neo-Augustinian phraseology to which we have reverted. At any rate, this was what made Shaw a more and more restless and disillusioned politician.

His friend Sidney Webb was, after all, the only perfect Fabian. Beatrice, like Shaw, was always plaguing herself with religious questionings and aspirations. Sidney was the man who was a Fabian and nothing more, and who was therefore perfectly content with the limited achievements that were possible by the Fabian method of scientific politics. (In his old age he must have been misled by his wife, fascinated with the religious potentialities of the Russians, so that he deluded himself into seeing the Fabian paradise of a planned civilization in Soviet Communism.) Evidently, the Labor party of today, with its plodding methodical tireless virtue, is suffering from having too much of Webb in its intellectual make-up and not enough of Shaw. Alas, while you may Fabianize groups, parties, or whole societies, only individuals can become Shawian.

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"Judas was prepared to sell his soul for a mess of potage," Col. Ross said. "And my friends what a mess of potage we have in our own department of education here in Manitoba."

(Winnipeg Free Press)

"Eating ice cream every day,
That's living the Canadian way."
(Ice cream manufacturer's store advertisement)

It is extremely unlikely that any community struck by an atomic bomb will be able to stand up by itself . . . Sure, it's going to be a mean, solar-pissus swing, an atomic bomb exploding in our midst. But it doesn't have to knock us out, not if we learn to roll with it.

(The Kiwanis Magazine, quoted in North Toronto Community Builder)

Church Council Advises Sex Basic Human Fact.
(Headline, Winnipeg Free Press)

Sir,—most sincerely do I hope that the heads of the Church of England will unanimously reject the suggestion that G. B. Shaw be buried in Westminster Abbey. A doomed atheist has no place in our glorious Abbey or, indeed, in any consecrated ground. His undoubted talents were seldom employed on the side of the good and right.

(Letter to the editor, Victoria Colonist)

There will be a meeting . . . for those interested in doing photo work for *The ——*. Experience not necessary. Photographers must possess own equipment. Sex not essential. (The Varsity)

Canada has the USA in its pocket. (TCA advertisement, Punch)

Ontario Young Liberal Association . . . urged that Canadian history and literature should become adequate courses in high schools. An earlier suggestion that Canadian literature be a full year course in high school was dropped when doubt was expressed that Canada's literature could provide sufficient material for such lengthy study.

(Globe and Mail)

This month's prize of a six months' subscription goes to Leslie Thompson, Winnipeg, Man. All contributions should contain original clipping, date and name of publication.

On the Air

Allan Sangster

► "LET'S HAVE BREAKFAST WITH JEEVES," your personal cleaning attendant at Eucalyptus Leaf Dry Cleaners."

So says Wade McSpunk at nine-ten in the morning, five times a week on a local radio station. Let me say, once,—and once should be enough—that I don't *want* to have breakfast with Jeeves.

In the first place, Jeeves is not my personal cleaning attendant. I much prefer Crichton, of the Admirable Fleur de Lis Cleaners. And even if he were, I wouldn't think of having breakfast with Jeeves, Crichton, or any other personal cleaning attendant. Not from snobbery, I hasten to point out, but from purely practical considerations. At nine-ten Jeeves has presumably been at work for at least an hour. Why hasn't he had breakfast already? What do they mean, making him go to work without his breakfast? Anyway, to have breakfast with me he has to rush away, leaving his tubs and extractors in goodness knows what horrid mess, the solvents eating away at somebody's fine fabrics, the paddles diligently wearing warp from woof. And he has no time for a bath, not even a shower; he comes right in and sits down beside me. The air, which has been fragrant with the odors of toast, coffee, bacon, is polluted at once,

and sharply, with a dismal miasma of benzol, toluol, skatol, and concentrated essence of armpit.

No, thank you very much, I will not have breakfast with Jeeves. Even to imagine it not only spoils my breakfast, but makes me howl sharply for the yerp can. And what's Jeeves doing, may I ask, running round having breakfast all over the city in the middle of the morning? He'd be a lot farther ahead, and so would the Eucalyptus Leaf Dry Cleaners, if he stayed on the job, attending to his personal cleaning, concentrating on the desiccated egg-yolk, the decomposed gravy, the treacherous ink-spot.

Phooey, how fatuous can these radio advertisers get?

* * *

The recent award to William Faulkner of the Nobel Prize for 1949 brings to mind a recent book review on the program Critically Speaking. The reviewer, Miss Margaret Stobie of Winnipeg, chose to attack a recent collection of Faulkner's short stories. In especial, she poured forth her venom on the story *Turnabout*. She finds in it, apparently nothing more than an attempt to prove that the English are at least as brave as the Americans, or vice versa, and thinks that it shows "all of the insight and sensitivity of a story from *The Boy's Own Paper*."

True, this is one of Faulkner's simplest, most explicit, and easiest to understand stories, and thus one unlikely to arouse the admiration of those literary pundits for whom abstruseness is more than half the criterion of excellence. In *Turnabout* there is no trace of the cluttered, involved, serpentine Faulkner.

The point I would like to make is that this "*Boy's Own Paper* story" is, to anyone who reads with intelligence and understanding, one of the most forthright denunciations of war ever written. It exposes mercilessly the complete futility, the utter silliness, of this great international pastime, hammering home its point in a climax of great power. That all this should have escaped Miss Stobie is the shocking thing.

This kind of thinking is almost on a par with that exhibited by the eminent Toronto newspaperman, broadcaster and globetrotter, Mr. Gordon Sinclair. Mr. Sinclair, both in the radio column with which he adorns the *Toronto Daily Star* three times a week, and in a recent appearance on Critically Speaking labored and brought forth these surprising opinions: (a) That Sinclair Lewis's *Main Street*, as presented recently on Stage 31, was essentially a soap opera. (b) That the "real big scene" in *Jockey Belinda*, recently heard on The Ford Theatre, is the one in which the poor mute is raped.

There was more, too—mostly a bitter complaint about too many English plays, or adaptations of English books, on the Canadian air. In pointing out that the main reason for this is money—that rights to English works are not as expensive as rights to American works of comparable standing, Mr. Sinclair—one might almost say characteristically—exposed only the upper roots to view. The important but deeply buried root of the whole controversy is that the better Canadian radio dramatists have finally balked at working for peanuts. The rate for adaptations, they say, is satisfactory; that for originals, which require more time and certainly more effort and ability, is not. This, so far as we can find out, is the real reason why we have been hearing so many adaptations—of whatever origin—and so few Canadian originals. "And," says the assistant supervisor of drama, "we'll probably be doing nothing but adaptations on the Stage series until the thing is settled."

I have, it should be noted, a sincere regard for Mr. Sinclair. As a columnist he is direct and, almost unfailingly, amusing—a sort of "poor man's George Jean Nathan." As

broadcaster he is vigorous and pleasantly cocky. But, and it is a sizeable but. Critically Speaking is surely a program for the adult and intelligent listener, and for those with leanings in that direction—perhaps as close as we have yet come to the BBC Brains Trust. Ordinarily the program exhibits higher standards of reviewing and of criticism than was shown on these occasions. I think we have a right to expect those high standards to be maintained at all times.

It was good, however, (this seems to be the Talks Department's column) to hear Professor Barker Fairley on the air recently. This eminent scholar is a most excellent broadcaster—a combination not too easy to find in Canada—and it is most heartening to find the CBC, in this dismal period of witch-hunting and loyalty checks, remaining democratic enough and tolerant enough to engage speakers because of their ability, instead of becoming so intolerant as to pass up able people because of political opinions which are not in favor. True, the Corporation does not extrude its neck too far in this sane direction, but it might so easily have emulated the tortoise.

• • •

On Friday, October thirteenth, Fall Fare, which was the autumn title for Vancouver Theatre, carried a most engaging little piece. This was *The Capture of Quebec*, a rhymed amusement for radio written by Norman Newton. So engaging, so amusing, in fact, that I here and now nominate it for promotion to CBC Wednesday Night, so that we all can hear this most delightful piece of Canadian history. Another which should receive the same treatment is Charles Bruce's Vancouver Theatre play of last March: *The Wind in the Juniper*. These are two half-hour shows which come immediately to mind, but there are more, many more; enough, in fact, to give one pause. Since all the big Dramatic Efforts—Stage, Ford, Wednesday Nights—have moved up to an hour or more, the half-hour radio play is being neglected, relegated to the inconvenient time, the partial network, the regional centre where acting and production are sometimes not all they might be. And yet—and if you heard those two examples I think you will agree—a considerable amount of really first-class work is still being written in this length, while the files of the Drama Department are bulging with sound and even memorable pieces which have not been heard for years, and which many of us would enjoy hearing again. Why don't we hear, either live or recorded, some of our own radio classics—once a month, say, on Wednesday Nights? Wouldn't you like to hear again *A Play on Words*, *Brainstorm Between Opening and Closing Announcements*, *They All Wear Burlap Bags*, or *All About Emily*? I certainly would.

On the other hand, if you want to know just how good even our regional drama really is, by comparison with what comes across the line from our great neighbors, you might listen to two little gems currently heard Saturdays on CBS (WGR in the Toronto area.) These are *Grand Central Station*, 12:30 E.S.T., and *Stars Over Hollywood*, 1:00 p.m. E.S.T. I have too constant recourse to Dorothy Parker's immortal line, but it's the only thing which does justice to those utterly phony dramatic hodge-podge, packed with *synthetic* emotion, slopping over with so-called drama of the "great ham" school, plotted and played for morons.

Tonstant listener fwowed up—twice!"

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Christmas 1949

Arthur L. Phelps

(This was Professor Phelps's Christmas Broadcast last year. We found it both moving and impressive then; we think that its thoughts are still valid. We present it—so far as cold print can present the spoken word—just as it was delivered to the Trans-Canada Network on December 21, 1949.)

► TO YOU WHO LISTEN wherever you are:

It's a long time since it happened. A clever and difficult Jew disturbed and dismayed the authorities of his time and was executed. That life and death started a tremendous movement in human affairs. The Anniversary of the birth, as we know, became a time of rejoicing. Then Pagan customs and indulgencies were assimilated to the annual festival until now Christmas this year with its mechanical Santas, its gift fever, its synthetic revelry, can forget that original Figure quite conveniently and altogether. Christmas nowadays need not have much to do with Jesus of Nazareth.

You see, I've been re-reading the New Testament. Admittedly, for the reasonably intelligent but unprepared reader, it's a fantastic hodge-podge. Either it's silly or it makes what we call our common sense silly. It's a patchwork of bits and pieces. But it's something else. Even in 1949, give it any sort of chance, it's inescapable.

It can tell a story:

So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself and said unto them, He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her.

It can be precise:

And the second is like, namely thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself . . . thou shalt not kill.

And extreme:

But I say unto you which hear, Love your enemies, do good to them that hate you.

And disquieting:

When saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick or in prison, and did not minister unto thee? Verily, I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.

Now, the question is: what are we going to do with that sort of thing in our contemporary world? What have we been doing with it?

It's social, political, economic, and religious dynamite. Of course it is. It needs interpretation, we say. Of course it needs interpretation. Whether for purposes of smothering it or of applying it, it needs interpretation.

Lots of things can happen when we attempt interpretation. Take two:

On the one hand, we may build up about that deposit of insight and imagination a great edifice of respect and adoration to keep its spirit unsullied from the world.

On the other hand, we may hawk it in the marketplace, adjusting its breadth to suit the narrowest vulgarity.

Protestant and Catholic, we do both these things in all sorts of ways.

But now and then at the Christmas of the year we go into a little huddle with ourselves to find out if we can, where we have been wise, where foolish in interpretation and

application of this undying fire. We may even search the world about us for signs that the religion we profess is still alive.

A Victorian poet said, "The churches have killed their Christ."

That's dismay. A. E. Housman in "The Carpenter's Son" wrote

Here hang I, and right and left,
Two poor fellows hang for theft,
All the same's the luck we prove
Though the midmost hangs for love.

That's a tribute.

In our latest novels, the name of Christ on the lips of men gets into printer's ink still with power to shock because it is still the belief that makes the blasphemy.

The vitality and challenge of the Christian idea is far from being completely inert among us. Our Christmas stock-taking can still be a spiritual business as well as the other kind.

Now it is the atmosphere of that first sort of stock-taking that I want to do a bit of thinking out loud, perhaps with some presumption.

But I did re-read the New Testament. That seemed a logical sort of thing to do, even in 1949.

Let's begin then with simple fact.

It's a fluid amazing world, this human arena of ours of re-shaped destinies, as we approach the mid-century mark of the twentieth century Anno Domini. We can't see it as the historians will see it if there are to be historians—though St. Augustine's *City of God*, and Sir Thomas More's *Utopia* and George Orwell's *1984* may offer suggestive perspectives. We can't assess the broth while the pot is boiling.

We can, however, look at a few things and wonder what they mean. We can wonder if things happening in our world give some reassurance that the grave potential of our religion is still at work to challenge and excite us.

Take one matter. It was in the news this week. John Boyd Orr received the Nobel Prize. He said the money would go for one purpose. He believes men and women in the world need to be fed—all men and women everywhere. He believes they can be fed; even as they increase, they can be fed, all of them; if man will apply his technical knowledge and his common sense unhampered by obsolete short-sighted consideration of what is good business.

That idea of John Boyd Orr is an idea loose in our world of today. In its scope and application it seems a new idea, so new most of us are embarrassed by it when we are not appalled. But in some minds at least it stands as a Christian idea, embodied in the Christian dynamic. It's an idea, of course, that, once allowed, sprouts further magnificent absurdities. It presupposes one world, interdependent and united and bent on human self-preservation. It assumes not only the desirability but the possibility of shelter, educational and cultural opportunity for all humans—else why feed them?—irrespective of color, race or creed. It's a bill of rights for humanity with incalculable local and personal explosiveness. It makes, for instance, Dresden, Ontario, which, so we read, legalized racial discrimination by vote the other day—well, if it be so, it makes Dresden inhuman and absurd—and not Christian. It makes the re-arming of Germany, and the armament expenditures of the world, something hideous in the Christmas of this year 1950. It makes you and me re-read our New Testament with a kind of wary fear which tempts us to close and forget the book in order to forestall our own hypocrisy.

But John Boyd Orr's idea is loose in our world, and, for some minds, there's a kind of reassurance in it that the world is slowly enlarging the boundaries of its imagination and its sympathy and slowly changing to use of creative means toward positive ends.

Take another thing.

Assume for the moment we have cleaned out from our trade unions and labor groups the kind of agitator whose objectives are oblique and hypocritical. We still have that thing called Labor, perhaps stronger than ever, marching on. Marching on to what? More and more grab for grabbing's sake? That's part of it, of course; the warfare between the have-nots and the haves. But that's not all of it. Underneath the stresses is the common sense of the momentum toward a more equitable economic equilibrium.

That idea is loose in our world. It's the idea that the worker is a creator. He creates value for his society and should therefore have a proportionate share in the total returns. It's the idea that if a man, a human being, black, yellow, gray, or white, invests his bone and blood and will, and the bone and blood and will of his wife and children, in a job, he must have in return such a dividend, his dividend, out of the total economic pie as will enable him to rise above deprivation and bestiality.

Of course this idea in its scope seems so relatively new it disturbs some of us even yet. Because, again, ultimately it means education, shelter, clothing, health, amenity for everybody on a decent human level. It means no human slums and no human slaves. It makes an outmoded thing the huge and disproportionate difference between the mansion

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on the hill and the hovel in the mean streets. It doesn't mean that our great corporations or cartels or combines are necessarily sinister and morally debauched and without any social responsibility. It merely means that if they are not careful they will be unscientific and short-sighted and outside of instead of within an inevitable—some would say Christianity-inspired—momentum towards equity for everyone. The light that lighteth every man coming into the world is spreading, that's all. The ideas are loose. Nobody can bottle them back again. Most thinking people know all this. It's just our new sort of world, that's all. It's got that sort of momentum in it. Intelligent and concerned businessmen and churchmen alike know this. I think that's why we may yet get effective creative world leadership out of the West. I believe there is yet time.

One more thing as I look for reassurance in my world of 1949. I think it springs from what we should like to call Christian charity in the individual. I am inclined to think it is also at the deepest roots of all art, all science, all religion, based in the sense of the mystery of man as man; in what is sometimes called, in the grand phrase, the brotherhood of man.

The thing is this: It's only a personal thing and only a private reassurance: I don't believe we are as bad as the Russians paint us. I don't believe the Russians are as bad as we paint them . . . Just that.

If we could only go back and find the turning we missed, we might, we might even yet save a world in which to go on with our human experiment—a world for all of us, all of us together. We might preserve for the common good of all both our achieved science and our Christmas carols.

Hell, The Wings Pinch

Emilie Glen

(SHORT STORY)

► A KING OF THE ORIENT knocked over the smoking stand in a rush of satin yardage; a Wise Man did his best to stick on his beard; wings slipped harness, haloes bobbed as angels brushed elbows with Roman soldiers and shepherds. Down its length the church parlor was a living mosaic made up of children readying for the Christmas Pageant about to go on in the church.

Over by the piano, baby angels were being fitted to wings and halo. My four-year-old Socky was picking at the stars on her angel robe while waiting for the elastic bands that secured the gold-pasted cardboard.

In her audacious growth, Socky stood out among the little angels like a branch in need of pruning. Probably she would have had angel locks like the others if she hadn't pulled her hair out by handfuls while taking surreptitious drags on her thumb. Just the same, once she was strapped into her wings, they did set well on her more than adequate shoulders, and something resembling reddish ringlets sprang up in the wake of the elastic that secured her halo.

Socky's bit in the mosaic didn't glitter for me quite as brightly as my husband and Mr. Turnbull brushed by the wings of angels as they spoke with the tongues of friendship. They were talking Glee Club, and from there it was just a step into Mr. Turnbull's accounting firm. Of course Ted had one more year at the U. of R. under the G.I. bill, but after that, or even before it, if Mr. Turnbull kept warming to him, he might get his belated start. Not that you're supposed to think of the church in terms of business contacts, but

being new to Rochester, we looked to our church home for many things.

Naturally I worked, my cake flour sifting across the weeks, my needle threading in and out of many a sewing circle, my foot in the door whenever funds needed to be raised. Perhaps I did act a trifle nouveau church, but we had to prove ourselves to members obviously reserving judgment. After all, it was a closely knit congregation, practically endogamous, with the Turnbulls in every pew, represented in memorial windows, contributors of the organ, the bells, the Steinway.

Wings and crowns, helmets and shepherds' crooks began sorting themselves out by twos for the processional into the church. Mr. Turnbull hurried out front with us, passing up a row of Turnbells for our pew. His niece was Socky's Sunday-school teacher which might or might not be to the good. At first Socky was a kind of doorknob for us, making doors of what looked to be walls, but any more rowdiness than she'd already displayed and they would be plastered back to walls again.

Shades of conduct determined whether you were nice people, everything in half-tones, until I felt like a boxer with astigmatism fumbling for a decision. If a youngster so much as said, "Calm your nerves, calm your nerves," the way the Eggerts' boy did to his Sunday-school teacher, she would pass the word along that there must be many an unwholesome flare-up in that home.

The processional hymn caught up the church like a pine forest, snowy trees before the altar shining in a blue Christmas light as the children came through the archway like a flight of doves. In that moment all that mattered was Christmas, the spirit of Christmas, not what Mr. Turnbull could do for us, but what we could do for Mr. Turnbull—the world. Chancing on Mr. Turnbull's expression, I noted the same sentiment in reverse.

The baby angels were in the lead, such mites that most of us had to balance on our toes to glimpse them marching hand-in-hand, their wings and haloes gleaming like the real thing. Across their haloes I could see Socky sticking up like an ambitious chimney-pot, neither quite of the angels nor the children of Judea. Something was wrong with her costume. Her wings, the halo—where were they?

"Busted in rank like her dad," said my husband in a voice that could never cramp to a whisper. Mr. Turnbull looked a little startled at this reference to army days when a bit of insubordination had left spaces clean as a wishbone where his sergeant stripes used to be.

Without the saving gleam of wings and halo, Socky could be mistaken for a street rowdy who had pushed her way in among the angels. Picked almost free of stars, her angel dress looked like some rag thrown at her husky shoulders, and she had her dad's menacing walk, more of a lunge than a walk, hands ready to strike.

What had she done to be deprived of wings and halo? Perhaps she'd unloosed some of the barracks talk her dad sometimes lapsed into. Damn and hell came to her lips as readily as Dad and Mama, and she could threaten "I'll call you a sonuv—"—not that she often tacked on the suffix.

Along with the language, her dad had taught her how to use her fists, yet up to what might have happened before the processional, nothing she'd done in a Sunday-school class mostly made up of little boys could be called an out-



and-out incident. The daddy caused most of my worry which was released in many a kick under church supper tables. But you couldn't kick him just for his looks, his mouth rather forcibly shut over expansive teeth as much as to say, "I won't say it, I won't say it." And I had to appear disobliging rather than let any church member hear him behind a wheel.

An uncomfortable stirring in the choir stall when it came time for the baby angels to take part in the tableaux had me crumpling my calendar of events. The singers acted as if a cat had gotten underfoot, or it could be Socky off her course. As soon as the choir settled, I began to prickle at a faint rash of titters breaking across the congregation. Then I saw the object, the Eggerts' boy, Socky's particular adversary, ascending the altar steps, his wings bent and broken, his halo askew. Socky's work certainly, only she must have gotten the worst of it, her heavenly appurtenances knocked completely out of business.

Whenever it came time to take Socky home from Sunday school, she was usually ousted from the group alone or with the Eggerts' boy for such offenses as declining to sing hymns when they could race fire trucks across the floor or to listen to Moses in the Bulrushes when they'd heard that one last week. It didn't matter so much with the Eggerts' boy, his daddy was firmly established, enough to allow his young one a few pranks. A safe number of angels behind the boy, Socky bundled her angel dress and clumped up the steps.

Tableau after tableau went into a deep freeze while I reached the chewing stage on my crumpled calendar. The youngsters held their poses to the breaking point, the senior angels touching unsteady fingertips as their eyes rolled under the electric radiance.

With the organ easing into the recessional hymn, I gathered my belongings for a quick exit to the truth of the matter. Almost getting back into the crowded-bus routine, I pushed against the grain of the congregation to take the short cut to the church parlor.

Heads were ducking out from crowns, veils were floating to rest across chair-backs. As I extricated myself from the children of Judea, I thought I heard a voice say in sure appraisal, "There goes the mother of the fighty girl."

Now that all the angels were being unharnessed, Socky wasn't conspicuous minus hers. Maybe I should match dignity with the Turnbills by keeping silent. Right while I was wondering, my words got in ahead of me, "What happened? What did she do she shouldn't? The other children all had wings, haloes."

Mr. Turnbull's niece tightened a silver-leaf earring as if encrusted by such an upset to her appearance. Other members of the Pageant Committee were using their ears to hear me make an issue of Socky, reveal what sort of people we were, or maybe they knew already—something Socky had done or said.

"Did she behave badly, cause trouble?"

"No," said Mr. Turnbull's niece in tones that said, Yes she did behave badly, cause trouble. "No actual trouble."

The line of her brows was too exclusive to include many hairs, just enough to flick me off with. "It was just that she became a bit restless—complained that her halo was too tight and the wings pinched, so I decided she needn't wear them."

"She got along with the little Eggerts' boy all right, didn't she? His wings looked a bit beat up."

"Oh nothing of that kind. She was simply uncomfortable in her wings."

Again her tone was telling me something else. Smiling past me, she was saying that she had neatly stripped a pretender of wings and halo—busted us in rank. But of course not, it was just that the wings pinched.

Film Review

D. Mosdell

► IT GOES WITHOUT SAYING that most commercial films are deliberately made to be seen once, and once only. Occasionally, of course, we go back to something like *All About Eve* to catch lines that we missed because the audience was still guffawing over the last line but two, or to experience again with the detachment of prescience a particular dramatic moment; but in spite of the fact that I do know a woman who saw the *Jolson Story* seven times, for reasons best known to herself, it is probably safe to say that repeat performances of the average movie do not add anything to the sum total of any individual's experience, emotional or otherwise.

A week or so ago Maya Deren visited Toronto from New York, bringing with her a collection of her own 16 mm. films, and a relatively new idea. Miss Deren pointed out that a great many people in relatively moderate circumstances own movie projectors, for which they make their own films—summer holidays in Muskoka, or baby's first few hundred steps being typical subjects for their amateur camera-work. Why not, says Miss Deren, start such people off collecting films of more important interest? Films, that is, made by people with some training in cinema and some interesting ideas to express? Presently, says Miss Deren, she hopes to see people collecting films the way they collect books, or records for their record collections; not unnaturally she hopes they will collect some of hers. For this reason all Deren films are 16 mm. and soundless; and because her films are made to be seen again and again at the pleasure of the owner, all Deren films are intended to be appreciated on many levels—or at least on several—and to produce the kind of reverberating echoes in the minds of their audiences that a poem does upon its readers. *At Land*, for example, starts at a lonely beach where the waves deposit a sleeping girl, who slowly awakens, climbs a dead tree trunk, and finds herself at the edge of a banquet table. There, completely ignored, or perhaps unseen, by the diners, she crawls along the length of the table towards the farther end, where a chess game is in progress. She seizes one of the pieces, drops it, and sees it swept away and into a subterranean cavern on a swift clear stream of water. This film Miss Deren describes as a mythological voyage of the twentieth century. Two things at least are clear from a single viewing of it: that it is an exercise in cinematic ideas which are largely abstract—not personal but general in their application; and second, that in order to comprehend Miss Deren's use of symbols and her serious intention it would be necessary to read and reread, so to speak. *At Land*. I can very well imagine people being interested enough in disentangling and deciphering Maya Deren's unusual and stimulating work to acquire it for study at their leisure; I can also imagine that with most people who at present own a movie projector, some of the gayer productions of Norman McLaren would be even more popular as permanent possessions.

Meanwhile, of course, it doesn't do to ignore the more conventional productions of the commercial studios—*Trio*, for instance, Somerset Maugham's sequel to *Quartet*. Nowadays it's more or less the fashion to dismiss Maugham as a writer who has nothing of any importance to say, but who

(Continued on page 208)

THE BALLAD OF MR. CHUBB—by Earl Birney

Mr. Chubb
sells Chubb-sized
CARS ON TERMS
His RUMBLE IN — ROCKET OUT!
quite out-sizes
nextdoor's neon PERMS
not to speak
of the farmer's wooden WORMS
by the town's fouled creek
between two flowing hills in Minnesota.

Abandoned Mr. Chubb
across the sizzling highway looks
at the female golfing dubs
who leg it over
SLIM'S HOOK
AND SLICE CLINIC
beside a flax-blue lake in Minnesota.

Mauve
loudspeakers over
the Pa
and Ma
Comfort Stations keep
Mr. Chubb in whistle
with tunes expanding like thistles
from the goldgrey
jukebox of the HOME SWEET
HOMEBURGER CAFE
by the blueflax fields of Minnesota.

Mr. Chubb worries
of auto strikes as he hurries
past weedy
fields and cemeteries
to his lonely week-end
"Bide-a-mee"
on a sand-dune shore in Minnesota.

Mr. Chubb is also cursed
with a nightily feverish
fear (not that his daughter
can't love him either)
that RUSSIA MAY DROP H-BOMB FIRST
before he's dug, against the worst,
a leadcased shelter
beneath a rolling hill in Minnesota.

Yet all this hubbub
is wasted in Chubb.
With a hook and a slice
his flaxey daughter
(and Slim) tonight
will strike
to end all strikes,
will find him
a leadlined
home without terms
under the waving nettles of Minnesota.

Lost to the farmer's worms
and the golfers' curves
and the jukebox in his mind
Mr. Chubb will headlined
lie ASLEEP IN JESUS while
with her homicidal
lover
Mr. Chubb's perm-waved daughter
rockets far away and over
the flaxen hills of Minnesota.

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

LONGMANS

H. G. WELLS: PROPHET OF OUR DAY \$5.00
by *Antoinette Valente*—The author of *Leonardo da Vinci* and other outstanding biographies here presents a living portrait of the great writer and thinker of whom, in his own words, it may be truly said that his life and work represent, "The trace of the flow of thought during the past half century."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE \$3.50
by *Carol Woodham-Smith*—"I have never read a better book of this sort, and I cannot recommend it too warmly or too widely!"—*The London Sunday Times*. "In a magnificent, full-length life of Florence Nightingale Mrs. Woodham-Smith proves to be one of the most brilliant and perceptive biographers of our time"—*New Statesman and Nation*.

**ILLUSTRATED ENGLISH SOCIAL HISTORY,
VOLS. 1 and 2** Each \$3.75

by *G. M. Trevelyan*—The second volume of what is to be a four-volume illustrated edition of Dr. Trevelyan's great work achieves the same superb combination of text and pictures that distinguish the first. Many of the illustrations are reproductions of originals in the British Museum and the National Gallery.

JERUSALEM CALLING \$3.75
by *Pierre van Paassen*—This unusual book is the story of the Holy City through 4,000 years. It is also a prophetic and courageous book, forecasting the future of Israel in its relationships with America, Christendom in general, Russia, the Jews of the Western world and the Arab states. Dr. van Paassen believes that Jerusalem rekindles its own flame when the lamps go out in the rest of the world!

MY NECK OF THE WOODS \$3.50
by *Louise Dickinson Rich*—In this third volume of life in the Maine woods, the author of *We Took to the Woods* and *Happy the Land* tells of her neighbours down in Maine—game wardens, fire wardens, poachers and guides—and many others. Of it, the *New York Times* said: "In all, 'My Neck of the Woods' is Louise Rich at her best."

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE POPULAR BOOK \$5.75
by *Jas. D. Hart*—An informal and entertaining account of American best-sellers from the Puritan *Practice of Piety* to the modern Dale Carnegie and the *Kinsey report*.

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**THE OXFORD BOOK OF
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edited by *F. O. Matthiessen*—In well over 500 poems drawn from the works of 51 poets, the editor has provided the most comprehensive as well as the best ordered survey of American verse.

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THE SCULPTURE OF NEGRO AFRICA \$5.75
by *Paul S. Wiegert*—Dr. Wiegert covers the whole field of an art that was virtually unknown a generation ago, and now is recognized as one of the world's great arts.

says it extremely well. Good story-tellers are rare enough in all conscience, especially on the screen; consequently *Tribe* is having the kind of box-office success usually reserved for space-ship pictures or Ingrid Bergman vehicles. Of the three, the third and last, *Sanatorium*, is the most ambitious. Ashenden, who represents Maugham himself as a young man, goes to a Scottish t.b. san with a light case of the disease, and whiles away his time by taking an intelligent, though superficial, interest in the other patients. Because Maugham and his screen collaborators are so clever, you find yourself more involved with a set of stock characters than you'd have thought possible. There's the Major—the rake, the typical wolf—who falls in love with Evie Bishop, the typical nice girl; and the other patients, types to a man, who quarrel among themselves and whisper gossip-wise about the affaire. They are all amusing; and moving, too, though you'd be hard put to it to explain exactly how or why. Nobody in the picture looks particularly ill; but again because Maugham is so clever, we believe in their illness—not through any clinical realism, but through one telling speech from the doctor who runs the establishment, and through the performance of Jean Simmons as Evie Bishop. I especially admired the quality of *stillness* she conveyed—a kind of inner absorption which was clearly not the result of serenity of spirit, but of the habitual carefulness which all good t.b. patients come to exercise about themselves, and which becomes almost a part of their personalities. The other two stories, though equally well-handled, are slighter, both in intention and result. The first—The Verger—is really an anecdote, built up carefully and surely to a single punch-line at the end. The second—Mr. Know-all—is a full-length portrait—photograph, rather—of an excruciating bore, a man who bores everybody in sight except the audience, but who redeems himself rather unfairly in the end by performing an act of kindness. The three of them add up to an evening of good entertainment; and speaking as one who has seen three supercolossal westerns this week, that's a rarer achievement than you might think.

Recordings

Milton Wilson

► AS A RECORDING, Victor's new set (78 rpm) of Haydn's "Clock" Symphony, performed by Toscanini and the NBC Symphony, deserves little recommendation. Like some of Toscanini's earliest NBC recordings (e.g. Beethoven's *Fifth* and *Third Symphonies*) it lacks resonance and spaciousness, as if the sound were coming from a little absorbent box. But these earlier recordings had a certain harsh power in their rigid and metallic sounds. The new one is dull as well as coarse-grained. To be sure, many of Toscanini's felicities of phrasing, continuity and texture come through, but the total result is a disappointment.

Among the Remington Records (LP) which Rogers Majestic is releasing in Canada is a recording of Beethoven's "Emperor" Concerto, played by Felicitas Karrer, pianist, and the Symphony Orchestra of the Viennese Symphonic Society under Kurt Woss. The sound is somewhat harsh in the climaxes, the piano metallic, and the woodwinds thin, but at its best the orchestra comes off the record with some vitality and power, and plays the work more than adequately. The big advantage here is price. \$2.49 is less than half the price of the average 12 inch LP record, and if I can judge from this one record, Remington's product is more than half as good as its more expensive competitors.

A Columbia set, recently released in Canada, which deserves high praise is the performance of Berlioz' *Requiem* by the Emile Passani Choir and Orchestra conducted by Jean Fournet (2 records LP). After listening to this excellent performance and recording, I was convinced that, despite stiff competition from Mozart and Verdi, this is the greatest Requiem Mass in my experience. I suppose Berlioz needs no special praise these days: his reputation has been steadily rising through the past few decades; but it is hard not to take a few lines to praise his subtlety and variety, the continuous activity of his exploring and original mind (no composer has less padding), and his economic husbanding of orchestral and choral forces. If any admirer of Bach, put off by old-fashioned criticism of Berlioz' sensationalism, has decided in advance that he could hardly like Berlioz as a choral writer, I suggest that he listen to the supremely beautiful and moving *Querens Me* and see if it is at all inferior to the *Et Incarnatus Est* of the *B Minor Mass*.

C O R R E S P O N D E N C E

The Editor: Mr. John Nicol, in your October issue, says that "the main factor contributing to the rising cost of living is in corporation profits, rather than wage increases, or low man-hour productivity." Surely this is an obvious misstatement of facts.

As far as the factors which affect the selling price of goods are concerned, it is interesting to note that the Bank of Canada reports that, dealing with 450 corporations, their total profits after taxes were \$243 million in 1939, \$235 million in 1945, and \$473 million in 1949. While I have not the figures available for these, I think that every economist in Canada will agree that it is a certainty that the total increase in wages paid by these corporations has undoubtedly been many times the total increase in their profits.

This view can be supported by other data. D.B.S. reports that in 1938, total personal income in Canada was \$4,060 million. The important factors were total civilian wage and salary payments of \$2,474 million; net income of agriculture and other unincorporated business of \$790 million; interest, dividends, and net rental income of \$520 million.

In 1945, total of personal income was \$9,118 million. Civilian salaries and wages was \$4,780 million; net income of agriculture and other unincorporated business was \$1,822 million; interest, dividends, and net rentals was \$835 million.

In 1949, out of a total of personal income of \$12,495 million, salaries and wages absorbed \$7,392 million; net income of agriculture and other unincorporated business \$2,859 million; and interest, dividends, and net rentals \$1,196 million.

It must be quite obvious that the total addition to purchasing power provided by the increase in salaries and wages far outran the total addition to purchasing power arising from other payments, to such an extent that salaries and wages were unquestionably the major source of the additional purchasing power which created price increases.

There is another point which is worth mentioning. Without excepting some of the more foolish statements which have been made about the distribution of investment incomes in Canada, it is a known fact that, on the whole, investment income goes to recipients with an average income considerably in excess of the average income of those who receive salaries and wages. There is some overlapping in these two classes, of course, but the statement is broadly true.

Now, an increase in the average income of those in higher brackets is definitely less inflationary in its effect than

an increase in the average income of those in the lower brackets. Those in the higher brackets unquestionably have a greater margin of income available for saving than those in the lower brackets. Also, those in the higher brackets definitely do not increase their spending for consumption goods as their income increases to the same extent as do those in the lower brackets.

It follows from these admitted facts that an increase in the incomes of those in the higher brackets is much less inflationary in effect than an increase in income for those in the lower brackets. To put this in words which Mr. Nicol will be able to understand, a large investor in corporation stocks will not buy any more butter, or boots, because his income increases. The workers in the factory in which he is a shareholder will buy more butter and boots as their income increases. It is quite easy to see that, broadly speaking, increase in investment income will exercise less inflationary pressure on prices—especially of necessities—than an increase in wages. As far as the distribution of income in the country plays a part in increasing prices, especially of necessities, proportionately greater increase in wages than in investment income has contributed substantially to setting up inflationary pressure on prices.

I have no objection to Mr. Nicol holding what opinions he may see fit to hold concerning the desirable distribution of income in Canada, but I do not believe that he should make a misstatement of facts, in order to support his views.

Mr. Nicol denies that government spending can be the cause of current price rises, because additional government spending due to an enlarged military program is not yet effective on a large scale. He fails to note that government spending of an inflationary type has been increasing very rapidly since the end of the Second World War. The distribution of increased "welfare" payments in recent years is known to us all. This sort of distribution of money, not balanced by an increased production of goods, is highly inflationary, and is a major reason for the price increases which have now become chronic.

Again, on this point, I do not object to Mr. Nicol being in favor of "welfare" spending. All that I am pointing out is that, on a large scale, "welfare" spending is made more inflationary because it is financed by higher proportionate rates of taxation on those classes of citizens who would be the most likely to save than on those classes who normally spend all or most of their incomes. There can be no more inflationary policy than to transfer income from normally saving to normally spending categories of citizens.

P. C. Armstrong, Montreal, P.Q.

The Editor: It is quite shocking to see how many persons, once staunch in their criticisms of the weaknesses of our society, are rapidly becoming their loudest defenders. Voltaire's following seems to be rapidly dwindling, and in this connection I think that it is time that Professor Underhill was taken up.

He seems to be coming to a point where he is unable to write an article or answer a criticism without working in an attack upon your British contemporary, the highly critical *New Statesman* and *Nation*.

I do not quarrel at all with his right to disagree in print with the *New Statesman*—its doubt as to the preferability of atomic war to world-wide communism; its "confusion" in advocating different foreign policy approaches to different problems undoubtedly make it an excellent target. Quite possibly he's right and the *New Statesman* is wrong in many instances.

But I don't like anything that smacks of "McCarthy" tactics. And I don't believe that Prof. Underhill will like

to realize that by repetitively attacking a paper that is famed at least for its independence, integrity, and sincerity, one of the few that can be so described, he is placing it in a position where it will not be read and not be quoted because it has been so discredited. This would be unfortunate, because the crying need in our world is for independent, constructive criticism in the press.

Prof. Underhill in his criticisms is merely parrotting those of *Time* magazine. But even *Time* has the grace to admit that the *New Statesman* is "a weekly that exemplifies British journalism at somewhere near its literary and critical best . . ."

Perhaps Prof. Underhill is becoming so carried away by his own pro-Americanism that he should transfer to that particular South Korean university that uses *Time* as its official history text! Peter Macdonald, Toronto, Ont.

The Editor: I sincerely hope that few sample copies of the *Forum* were sent during September and October. The paper wrappers might more appropriately have been edged in black.

Professor Underhill's roles as chief mourner, composer of epitaphs and call of the kettle black occupy considerable space. In September his book reviews included a short right jab at the *New Statesman* and a touching compliment to R. C. Churchill. A three page lead article urged "us of the CCF" to ponder deeply on (i) what the French Canadians are thinking, and (ii) the utter impossibility of the CCF ever achieving anything. I found it extremely difficult to decide whether I was reading the obituary of Mr. King or of the CCF.

Professor Underhill asks some fascinating questions: "Do we have to follow his (King's) example if we are ever going to reach office in Ottawa?" Who are "we"? What

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are "we" going to have left when "we" reach Ottawa? "We" won't have any principles—they are impractical in a federation. "We" must not have any class groups. "We" will have a loosely-knit, representative collection of votes, from voters of the same name. And where are these votes coming from? Why, of course, they will have to come from former Liberal voters who have grown tired of marking their X's in the same old place on the ballot.

In October Professor Underhill steps to the plate to bat down Mr. Bradford. "In an article of three and a half columns he has no positive concrete suggestions at all." Four columns, however, are required to prove it. "It (the *New Statesman*) has only a collection of clichés inherited from the 1930's on foreign policy. Its real policy is simple negative defeatism." Doubtless the accounts in the *Statesman* of enlightened British and American policy in Italy, China, Greece and Iran are among these clichés. Kingsley Martin suggests Nehru should receive a better hearing. If that is defeatism then a word has yet to be coined to fit Underhill's formula of "follow-the-leader—at a safe distance".

Professor Underhill states that opposition within the Labor Party to Bevin's policy dares not to divide the House. At a time when the government commands a bare majority, what internal opposition, large or small, would dare divide the House and give the Tories a chance to make things worse? The current effort to minimize dissension and present a united front to the electorate succeeded well at Margate. But the men who run the machines in the factory where I work are not enthused. Many of them fully expect an atomic war between the U.S. and Russia. These men may not be socialists, but they are Labor voters. They will continue to be for the same reason the "insignificant splinter group" fails to divide the House. Is that the kind of "majority support" which commands itself so highly to Professor Underhill?

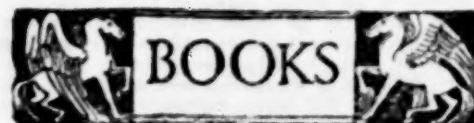
Cyril A. Fry, London, England.

The Editor: I feel I must lodge a strong protest against your handling of the correspondence column in the current issue of the *Forum*. It has long been an accepted practice in serious journals that when a reviewer is challenged, he is given a chance to defend his position. Why, then, was Mr. Meadows not allowed to answer Rev. Dooley? Instead, we get a mild and meek, almost abject, apology by the editors, who confess themselves to be "not a little confused". There was no need for confusion. Neither Paul Blanshard nor Charles Meadows attacked Roman Catholicism as a religion. But insofar as the Church is also a social and political force, it must be subject to the same criticism as all other social and political institutions.

The fact that Mr. Meadows was apparently not allowed to answer his critic was further underlined when, in the same issue and on the same page, that courtesy was extended to Prof. Underhill. I find Mr. Underhill's *New Statesman* and *Nation* neurosis increasingly wearisome and boring. His final remark ("... the writer of this letter must be dependent for her news about the United States upon the *New Statesman*") was both uncalled for and in bad taste, since it was obviously intended to be a slur, and dragged the argument onto a deplorably low level. The remark was furthermore completely irrelevant and only served to confuse and evade the issues which Gloria Harron had raised in her letter.

Henry Kreisel, University of Alberta,
Edmonton, Alta.

[Our columns are of course open to Mr. Meadows should he wish to make any reply.—*Ed.*]



SCIENTISTS AT WAR: Willfrid Eggleston; Oxford; pp. 291; \$3.50.

Radar, and rubber from Canadian wheat, aircraft-carriers made of ice and wood-pulp, atomic energy piles and better dried eggs: these are some of the projects described in *Scientists at War*, an accurate and graphic record of the achievements of Canadian science during the Second World War. Mr. Eggleston makes clear that Canadian achievements were part of a much greater whole, the work accomplished by a close partnership of British, American and Canadian scientists. Yet he equally shows that Canada played no small part in the joint endeavors. Thus in the vital proximity fuse, which exploded shells by radar and vastly increased the possibilities of hitting the target, Canadian researchers first emerged with the idea of how to furnish the tiny radar set in the nose of each shell with an electric battery that would stand the shock of firing and keep its vitality until put into use. In radar itself, one of the war's chief technological developments, Canadian-devised sets were of major usefulness. And in a variety of fields, from medicine to explosives, aircraft equipment to anti-submarine warfare, Canadian scientists made distinctive and valuable contributions to the general war effort.

The minor projects reported in this book are often no less interesting than the major. There was, for example, the careful search conducted by the Department of Applied Biology of the National Research Council for any stands of the alder-buckthorn, a plant not native to Canada, to provide the British with six tons of charcoal for fuse powders, charcoal which had formerly been secured from French sources cut off by war. The failures, again, are no less interesting than the successes: for instance, the fantastic-sounding scheme for building ice-floe aircraft-carriers to meet the desperate need for air-cover during the worst stages of the U-boat battle of the Atlantic.

In a war where technological advances affected the course of conflict as never before, the mobilizing of scientific resources was all-important. Mr. Eggleston reveals the importance of the work done by the National Research Council and the Canadian universities in this regard. Yet he does not forget, any more than the research scientists, that the war only applied knowledge previously uncovered by pure science, and delayed fundamental research: that it "ground up the seed-corn of scientific progress in the next generation to make a day's feed for the war-machine", in the expressive words of Dr. Raymond B. Fosdick. Hence the author stresses in a concluding chapter the need to maintain scientific research at a high level in Canada in order to make up the time spent in wartime concentration on technology.

During the recent war, as Mr. Eggleston demonstrates, Canada proved no longer a mere scientific dependency of the United States and Britain. By producing a group of first-rate scientists doing first-rate work this country showed a maturity that perhaps gives that hackneyed phrase, "Canada comes of age," more meaning in this context than in many another application. In illustrating this point, in providing an official general history of Canadian scientists at war that is lucid and full of interest to the layman—although at times a bit repetitious, and chopped up in

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WORLD COMMUNICATIONS: PRESS, RADIO, FILM:

Publication No. 700 of the United Nations Education, Scientific and Cultural Organization; Ryerson Press; pp. 220; \$1.20.

This report was prepared in the Division of Free Flow of Information, Department of Mass Communications, UNESCO. It was produced under the direction of Albert A. Shea, Research Fellow of the Canadian Dafoe Foundation. The report assembles, for the first time, the basic facilities existing in every country and territory of the world for conveying information by press, radio, and film. The report is divided into three main parts.

Part I uses graphics to show visually the distribution of means of communications by continent and country. Excellent pictographs tell their story clearly and succinctly. Part II breaks down in detail the communication facilities in each country and territory. In addition to a table setting forth the basic facts, separate paragraphs on press, radio, and film discuss further pertinent facts. Part III tabulates world communication facilities by continent and country under the headings of News Agencies, Press, Radio, and Film.

This report provides a reference tool of unique value. Information is summarized concisely and it is set forth in such an orderly and straightforward fashion as to be available at the flick of a finger. The information supplied is based on published sources and applies principally to the years 1948 and 1949. For forty-three countries it was drawn directly from UNESCO publications based on field surveys.

For other countries, information has been drawn from published sources both official and unofficial. A bibliography lists these sources.

This is primarily a statistical compendium of information on methods of communication. As such its compilers are to be congratulated on the excellent form and content. The statistical summary under each country would give a more accurate picture if the weekly and periodical press were included. Canadian periodicals, for example, are given a very short shift as follows: "With regard to periodicals, the newsstands of Canada contain many more U.S. than Canadian publications."

True as this may be, Canada has a periodical press that forms an important means of communication of ideas. Qualitatively it is as important as our dailies and weeklies. Again, while available, journalistic courses are listed for other countries, none is listed as being given in Canada. Several Canadian universities offer excellent training.

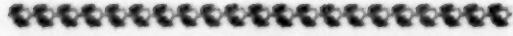
Any publication such as *World Communications* should be judged on what it contains rather than on what it does not contain. This reference work is an interesting and fascinating document containing a world of information in extremely accessible form.

P.M.

INDEPENDENCE AND AFTER: Jawaharlal Nehru:

Longmans Green (John Day); pp. 403; \$3.75.

How does a man who has been a revolutionary for most of his life behave when he assumes the responsibility of day-to-day governmental decisions? If he has been a disciple of the non-violent way, what will he do when he faces, at the very beginning of his Government, threats of civil



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violence and of external military pressure? And if he is a socialist as well, how will he tackle the problem of equitable distribution when there is precious little to distribute?

The fascination of *Independence and After* lies in the search for answers to these questions. The book is a collection of Nehru's speeches from 1946 to 1949, nearly all of them from the period of eighteen months after the attainment of independence by India. The speeches are arranged in topical groups, as On Independence, On Gandhi, On Education, On Industry, On India's Foreign Policy, etc. Since speeches made mainly to parliamentary bodies do not fall neatly into topical pigeon-holes, there is a good deal of repetition and overlapping; the book might well have been cut to two-thirds its size without loss of Nehru's main ideas.

Some of the important speeches contain Nehru's defence of his Government's behavior toward Pakistan, Kashmir, and Hyderabad. Others outline an Indian foreign policy; Nehru insists that India must keep out of power blocs and espouse no particular groups in international affairs. Still others deal with domestic problems. Nehru is clear that his objective is the ending of poverty and ignorance and disease and inequality, but he keeps hammering away to his audiences that production is the first essential. "This generation is condemned to hard labor," he bluntly tells the students of the University of Lucknow.

The spirit of Gandhi presides over the book—or rather, disturbs the book. Nehru is obviously troubled by the painful necessity of compromise between idealism and politics. He keeps telling his listeners that all will be well if only they stick by the teachings of Gandhi: "We are not going to reach our goal through crookedness or flirting with evil in the hope that it may lead to good." He wants to proceed in the way of constructive non-violence, and yet again and again he finds himself forced into justifying coercive action at home and abroad. Although the reader finds in the book no escape from the dilemma, he is encouraged by seeing a statesman suffering from moral considerations.

Carlyle King.

THE NINE LIVES OF EUROPE: Leo Lania; Ryerson Press; pp. 278; \$5.00.

Leo Lania is a European in the broadest sense of the term. Born in Russia, educated in Vienna, he fought with the Polish in the First World War, worked afterwards as a writer in Italy, France, and Germany, and escaped to the United States just before Pearl Harbor. Since then he has continued his career as a lecturer and writer. *The Nine Lives of Europe* was written after a recent five months tour of Europe as a roving correspondent for *United Nations World* magazine. It is his first book in English and in it he has set out to report on the present economic and political conditions of Europe and at the same time to analyze its spiritual and intellectual development since the end of World War II.

Mr. Lania writes with the speed of a journalist rushing to meet a deadline. As a result the points that he strives to make are often buried under a heap of facts and impressions. This is a pity, for what Mr. Lania has to say is very much worth saying.

Any diagnosis of postwar Europe must very soon come to grips with the policies of Russia and the United States. Mr. Lania is quick to point out the flaws in American diplomacy and methods. European recovery depends on more than economic production. The psychological and political effects of the Marshall plan were jeopardized in Europe because it was sold to the American people not as a tool for the recovery of Europe but as a weapon in the cold war against

Russia. Because America has blundered so badly in trying to separate politics from economics, she has failed to sell democracy. European nations do not want to be buffer states between Russia and the U.S.A. Final victory in any war means little to a nation that has been blown to bits first.

On the other side, Mr. Lania says that Stalin has still not become a believer in Trotsky's creed of world revolution. His goal is to establish a glacis of subservient buffer states. This shows that the Kremlin is not guided in its policy by a feeling of strength and self-confidence but by the realization of inner Soviet tension, economic as well as social. An Austrian joke quoted elsewhere by the author emphasizes this thought. "Stalin made two crucial mistakes. The first was that he showed Europe to the Russians. The second that he showed the Russians to the Europeans."

Mr. Lania suggests that only democratic socialism—the combination of individual freedom and economic justice—can overcome the narrow and outdated nationalism of Europe. A beginning has been made in Britain, in the accomplishments of the Austrian Social Democrats, and in the Scandinavian co-operatives. Even the work of Father Tompkin's Catholic Co-operative Movement in our own country is used as an example of this new living faith.

The danger from Russia lies not so much in the field of military aggression as in political warfare. Democracy needs peace if it is to flourish; only communism can gain from the perpetuation of tension, crisis, and despair. Political warfare cannot be won by mass production only. Whether the United States will realize this soon enough is a nice question. Mr. Lania has his own answer. *P.M.*

POPUL VUH: Delia Goetz and Sylvanus G. Morley (trans. by Adrian Recinos); Burns & MacEachern (University of Oklahoma Press); pp. 267; \$4.75.

This work constitutes a definite contribution to a knowledge of the ancient civilization of the Quiché Maya Indians. While useful English translations of the Sacred Book have appeared in the past, this present volume represents a thorough and systematic attempt to correct previous errors and to give more faithful and accurate translation than was possible to previous scholars. To this task Mr. Recinos has brought a vast knowledge of the language, history, and civilization of the Mayan people. The English translators have contributed a sensitive appreciation of the spirit of the original, at the same time avoiding vagueness or ambiguity.

The book was written by a Quiché Maya Indian apparently between the years 1554 and 1558, that is, within a generation after the subjugation of the Mayan communities by the Spaniards. The author, who had learned to read and write Spanish, wrote it in the Quiché language in Roman characters. His name is unknown and the original manuscript has disappeared. The oldest existing version is that of the wise and learned missionary priest, Father Francisco Ximénez, who copied and translated it in the first decades of the eighteenth century. It was first published in Vienna in 1857. The present volume is based on the original document of Father Ximénez and errors introduced into later copies are corrected.

The unknown Quiché writer recorded the sacred lore of his people at a time when oral tradition, supplemented by traditional pictures, had not yet disappeared. He recounts the mythology, traditions, cosmogony, and history of the Quiché Maya in simple yet effective language, the spirit of which penetrates through two translations. It will be of great interest not only to anthropologists, archaeologists, and

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historians, but also to students of comparative literature. Even to non-specialists it will have an appeal both as literature and as a view of one of the great civilizations which grew up on this continent.

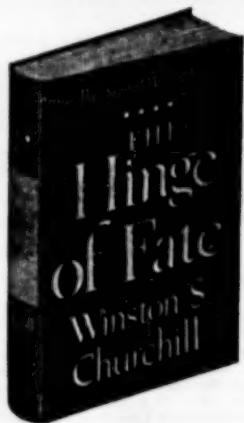
The introduction gives a complete account of the history of the document, its transcribers and translators and the significance of its contribution to our knowledge of the Quiché Maya. The footnotes to the text are indicative of the scholarly thoroughness which was devoted to the whole undertaking.

G. Gordon Brown.

CRITICISM AND CREATION: H. J. C. Grierson; Clarke, Irwin, pp. 127; \$2.00.

The function of the critic is "to interpret the wayward work of genius;" to show "that harmony has been achieved or has not." "Two tendencies the critic should fight against, prejudice and dogmatism, the wish to pontificate."

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These words give the theme of the essay "Criticism and Creation," the first essay in the volume. Sir Herbert Grierson, Emeritus Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature at the University of Edinburgh, sweeps through his subject with the confidence of sound scholarship, yet with a pleasant digressiveness. He shows how the Aristotelian canons of literary criticism, made into iron rules by the Italian Renaissance critics, were of great importance in the battle over romance and epic, and governed the dramatic writing of Jonson and Milton. But he deals at more length with the impact of these "rules" on French drama; "thus in its final form French tragedy was the outcome of a conflict between the creative genius of Corneille and Racine and the so-called rules enforced by a pedantic authority."

Grierson finds time to comment on the decline of neoclassicism, the new aesthetic principles of the romantics, and the dogmatism of some modern critics, notably Eliot. He cannot agree with I. A. Richards that criticism should become scientific; he prefers the criticism of an imaginative writer before that which is "scientific, dry, and magisterial."

The later essays, "The Metaphysics of Donne and Milton," "John Donne and the Via Media," "Milton and Political Liberty," and "Verse Translation," have appeared in learned journals and are here conveniently gathered together. The essay on "Milton and Political Liberty" is of considerable interest to Canadian readers since Grierson follows in the main the argument of Professor Arthur Barker, of the University of Toronto, in his book *Milton and the Puritan Dilemma*. "For Milton the final form of political liberty is Christian Liberty, the rule of the saints."

M. H. M. MacKinnon.

THE EPIC OF KOREA: A. Wigfall Green; Public Affairs Press; pp. 136; \$3.75.

As the lack of an index would seem to indicate, this cannot claim to be a scholarly book. It is, in fact, a popular account of some points of the Korean occupation by the Americans with an eye to the moment. In this it is disappointing for, coming as it does from the hand of a man formerly Fulbright Professor at the University of the Philippines, it should have taken a more serious line. It is, however, the other part of the author's background that colors the book: he was in the Judge Advocate's department of the U.S. Army in the first years of the occupation. There are times when one has the feeling that this is the production of a disgruntled junior officer who can only see the bad side of his superiors' decisions, whether in the civil administration or in military promotions, so that he claims: "No American was glad to be in Korea." The opening chapters on Korea's past give no useful information: legends are repeated and an idyllic picture painted. Nothing is said of the structure of Korean society. North Korea under communist rule is dismissed in two pages.

Despite these manifest defects the book has some value in presenting a criticism of the American authorities from the inside. In the cases where the author's assertions are backed by reference to the ordinances and orders of the authorities the book has some source value. It needs, though, careful handling and checking because of the author's clear prejudices.

George Bennett.

WORLD ENOUGH AND TIME: Robert Penn Warren; Random House; 1950; pp. \$12; \$4.00.

A new novel by the distinguished poet and Pulitzer prize-winning novelist, Robert Penn Warren, is an event of some importance. His last novel, *All the King's Men*, made literary history four years ago. By combining fine writing and

philosophic depth with a colorful and exciting story it won both critical and popular approval. *World Enough and Time* has the same elements, but it is not as successful a novel.

This time, instead of the career of a modern demagogue in Louisiana, Mr. Warren has taken for his raw material a famous murder trial in Kentucky in 1826. The story is dramatic—even melodramatic. Stripped of its detail, it tells of how a young man, Jeremiah Beaumont, marries a girl who has been betrayed by his benefactor, Cassius Fort; of how he kills Fort, is tried and condemned for murder, fails in a suicide attempt, is rescued just before his execution, and comes to a dismal end among a group of outcasts living in the wilderness frontier. Warren has used his richly poetic style to enrich this garish framework with a wealth of striking scenes and brilliantly etched characters. However, the novel as a whole does not quite come off. The trouble is that Mr. Warren is trying to do too much. He is writing on half a dozen different levels, and the shifts from one level to another leave the reader somewhat baffled. If he had been content to make *World Enough and Time* merely the "romantic novel" it is labelled, it would probably have been a greater artistic success, but not necessarily a better book.

This is much more than a romantic novel—although the love story of Beaumont and Rachel Jordan forms the central thread of the story. It is a historical novel that recreates frontier life in Kentucky in the early years of the nineteenth century. It is a political novel that reflects, in the clashes between the Relief Party and the Anti-Relievers the perennial struggle between the powerful and the dispossessed. It is a psychological novel that probes and analyzes the secret motives of human action with the insight of a poet who is not unfamiliar with Freud. Finally, it is a philosophic novel that seeks, through the tortured career of Jeremy Beaumont, to throw light on man's universal search for the meaning of life.

Beaumont is a strange and complicated character who seems at once too human and not human enough; an odd mixture of Hamlet and Macbeth, of Sir Galahad and Peer Gynt. The key to his character is found in his own words: "Then of a sudden I felt lonely and (thought) how I could not take the world as other men for the brightness of the moment and the tickle of the flesh, and how they found what they were seeking but I did not know what I sought." And his final words sum up the tragedy: "I had longed for some nobility but did not know its name . . . Even if my longing was born in vanity and nursed in pride, is that longing to be wholly damned? . . . And in my crime and vainglory of self is there no worth lost? Oh, was I worth nothing, and my agony? Was all for naught?"

Edith Powke

OUR CONTRIBUTORS

F. R. SCOTT, of Westmount, P.Q., has been a frequent contributor to *The Canadian Forum* for many years. A collection of his poetry, entitled *Overture*, was published in 1945 . . . EMILIE GLEN, who contributed a story, "Until the Love Letters Are Published," to our issue of June, 1950, lives in New York City . . . ROLOFF BENY, of Lethbridge, Alberta, recently spent eighteen months in Italy and Greece. Our reproduction is from his "An Aegean Note-Book," a collection of lithographs . . . ARTHUR L. PHELPS, who is well-known for his radio talks, is professor of English at McGill University.

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